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NOMAD™

L.A. BURNING!

RENT

30TH ANNIVERSARY 1962 1992

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

SAMUEL CLARKE / JAN BAKER
MARK MCKENNA ~'92

Jack Monroe. A failed super soldier. A fallen super hero. A reluctant "father." Wandering the highways and byways of this vast land, Monroe tries to discover himself, by discovering America.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: NOMAD

CITY OF ANGELS

IT BEGAN WITH A MOTORIST CAUGHT SPEEDING AT 12:30 A.M. ON INTERSTATE 210.

ELEVEN OTHER COPS WATCHED.

HE WAS *BEATEN* BY FOUR COPS FROM THE FOOTHILL DIVISION WHO CLAIMED HE HAD RESISTED ARREST.

SOMEONE *ELSE* WATCHED TOO. THE *"ARREST"* WAS VIDEOTAPED. THE TAPE WAS SOLD TO *KTLA* IN LOS ANGELES.

A YEAR LATER, THE COPS WENT ON TRAIL.

ON 3:15 P.M., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1992, THE WORDS *"NOT GUILTY"* WERE SPOKEN -- TEN TIMES.

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THAT'S WHEN THE *CITY OF ANGELS* FINALLY OPENED THE *DOORS TO HELL*.

IT SPREAD FROM THE *SIMI VALLEY* COURTHOUSE TO THE STREETS PRETTY QUICKLY--

CASEY'S

ANGELS

-- THE ANGER, THE CONFUSION, THE FRUSTRATION --

I DON'T GET IT.

IT GOES LIKE THIS, *POLISH*--

--THE *KING* IS DETHRONED. THE JESTERS DANCE. THE SAFE, RICH PEOPLE BREATHE A SIGH OF RELIEF--

CASEY'S

--AND THE REST OF US LOSE A LITTLE BIT MORE TO THE SYSTEM--

WILL NOT REST

LIVE

-- LIKE A *CANCER* EATING AWAY AT OUR *FAITH*.

LITTLE BITES. LITTLE BITES.

YEAH, *HORIZON*, BUT IF HE WAS INNOCENT, WHY WAS HE DRIVIN' *AWAY* FROM THE COPS LIKE THAT?

I MEAN-- AIN'T THAT A LIL' SUSPICIOUS?

CAN'T GO FAST ENOUGH OR FAR ENOUGH TO ESCAPE THE COLOR OF YOUR SKIN, SON.

COPS SEE IN BLACK AND WHITE.

LISTEN, I'M NOT BLACK, SO I CAN'T SAY--

--BUT I GET HARRASSMENT ALL THE TIME, YOU KNOW--

--AND YOU DON'T SEE ME AND EVERY OTHER WOMAN IN THE WORLD--

--THROWING BOTTLES AT PEOPLE.

ENOUGH.

THEY'RE ALL RIGHT, AND THEY'RE ALL WRONG.

THEY'RE UNDER-GROUNDERS, LIVING ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE LAW.

I GUESS I'M ONE OF THEM TOO, BUT I CAN STILL SEE THE LIGHT.

LEGS -- WATCH BUCKY FOR THE NIGHT.

POLISH-- CAN I HAVE THE KEYS TO YOUR TRUCK?

PUT SOME GAS IN IT, JACK.

THE KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR IN SEARCH OF THE *SPANDEX GRAIL*?

GOING TO TRY AND STOP A LITTLE OF THE IN-SANITY.

CUT ACROSS CRENSHAW BOULEVARD.

LETTIN' THE *FOX* GUARD THE *HENHOUSE* THEN.

... JUST LOOK FOR THE *NEWS CHOPPERS*.

THEY'RE HOVERING OVER *FLORENCE* AND *NORMANDIE*.

LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE *VULTURES* CIRCLING OVER A *DYING ANIMAL*.

ANY TROUBLE BREWING IS EASY TO SPOT...

AND THERE'S NO DOUBT, THIS CITY *IS* DYING--BUT WILL *THIS* BE WHAT IT TAKES TO *KILL* IT?

SHREEEEEEE

ALL OF YOU-- STOP!

THIS ISN'T THE WAY-- YOU'RE RUINING YOUR OWN NEIGHBOR-HOOD!

EAT THIS!

THEIR ANGER-- THEIR HATRED--

--I CAN FEEL IT WASHING OVER ME--

--JUST LIKE I'VE FELT IT SURGE INSIDE OF ME BEFORE.

I UNDER-STAND IT.

THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WANT TO BE THE TARGET FOR IT.

SONS LI

YOU OKAY?

LOOK AT MY STORE!

LOOK WHAT THEY DID TO IT!!

I'VE BEEN HERE FOR TWENTY YEARS!

I'VE KNOWN THOSE KIDS SINCE THEY WERE BORN!

OLIO

VINE

WHY DID THEY DO THIS TO ME?

THEY NEEDED FUEL.

TO LIGHT THE FIRES...

IT DOESN'T JUST BUILD FROM THERE-- IT EXPLODES.

THROUGHOUT SOUTH CENTRAL L.A., FIRES BREAK OUT--

--LOOTERS DIG INTO RANSACKED STORES LIKE TREASURE HUNTERS--

--BUT DO ANY OF THEM FIND A CONSCIENCE BURIED THERE?

THE POLICE ARE OUTMANNED--IN MANY CASES, OUTGUNNED--

WE WILL NOT REST!

--THEY SET UP AN ODD STRATEGY--CONTROLLED RETREAT.

PEOPLE ARE BEING SHOT AND BEATEN, HOMES AND BUSINESSES BURNED AND LOOTED.

--AND THE COPS WATCH--AS AFRAID AS THE REST OF US--

--BECAUSE, WHEN YOU COME DOWN TO IT, THEY'RE JUST PEOPLE TOO.

AND I SEE SO MUCH--AS DUSK TURNS TO NIGHT--

--I SEE THE JUNGLE CATS COME OUT TO PREY--

-- AND I WONDER -- HOW MUCH CAN ONE MAN DO ?

IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL, I FIND MY ANSWER--

-- IT TAKES MORE THAN ONE MAN.

A BURNING SHOP PEOPLE WORKING TOGETHER TRYING TO PUT THE FIRE OUT.

PEOPLE OF ALL SKIN COLORS.

MY GRAND-MOTHER-- SHE IS INSIDE STILL--

AND WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP ?

WET ME DOWN-- NOW!

AS MUCH AS I CAN DO.

FIRE'S MOSTLY IN THE "LOOKS SCARY" STAGE.

I CAN MOVE AROUND WELL ENOUGH.

SPRINKLER'S ARE JAMMED, I HEARD THEM SAY.

BIG SURPRISE. WHEN'S THE LAST TIME THEY WERE PROPERLY MAINTAINED?

I REACH THE OVERRIDE VALVE--

FSHSHSH

-- IT HELPS GIVE ME A LITTLE ROOM TO MANEUVER.

KAFF KAFF

SHE'S STILL ALIVE.

HE HAS HER!!

I DID SOMETHING, AT LEAST.

SAVING ONE PLACE--ONE PERSON--MAY NOT MEAN TOO MUCH, COWBOY.

CAR DROVE BY FLIPPIN' COCKTAILS.

IN THE TIME IT TOOK YOU TO PUT THAT *ONE* OUT, *FOUR* MORE GOT STARTED.

WHO WERE THEY?

WHO KNOWS?

GANGS CALLED A *TRUCE* TONIGHT.

THEY'VE DECIDED TO SHOW WHAT THEY CAN DO IF THEY WORK *TOGETHER*.

PRETTY %$#ING INCREDIBLE, AIN'T IT?

AIN'T IT, THOUGH.

THEY TELL ME THE CAR TOSSING MOLOTOV COCKTAILS WAS A RUST-BUCKET GREEN *CHEVY NOVA*.

HOW HARD CAN IT BE TO FIND ONE CAR IN ALL OF L.A.?

I CRUISE FOR HALF-AN-HOUR, BUZZING SOME LOOTERS HERE AND THERE.

I TURN OFF VINE ONTO HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD.

I HIT LOOTER'S JACKPOT.

AND I SEE THE GREEN CHEVY, TOO.

NICE TO KNOW THEY HAVE ENOUGH TIME BETWEEN START-ING FIRES TO DO SOME *HONEST* ROBBING.

DON'T SHOOT-- *PLEASE!*

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

I--I DON'T KNOW-- BECAUSE--

A SUIT AND TIE ROBBING LINGERIE FOR HIS GIRLFRIEND.

--I DON'T KNOW--

RUN.

GROCERIES, APPLIANCES, I CAN SEE. BUT *THIS*?

IF IT WEREN'T SO SICK, IT'D BE A JOKE.

HEYYY, BABEEEE-- GIMME A KISS BEFORE THIS BOTTLE SETS YOU ABLAZE--

I GOT A KISS FOR YOU RIGHT HERE.

WHY ARE YOU BURNING DOWN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD?

YOUR OWN STORES?

YOUR OWN LIVES?

'CAUSE WE CAN.

AND LOOK WHAT I CAN DO.

HOOM HOOM HOOM

FI'F

OH, MAN-- DON'T--

CHIK-T

JUST BECAUSE I CAN DO SOMETHING--

--DOESN'T GIVE ME THE PYGHT TO.

HAVE TO KEEP CRUISING. KEEP MYSELF *SANE* WHILE EVERYTHING ELSE AROUND ME GOES *CRAZY*.

CARN

YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THE *UNDER-GROUNDERS*, AREN'T YOU, KID?

HUH--?

YEAH-- YOU--?

NO.

KAPOW

FALLS APART.

ING IN ALL DIRECTIONS LIKE THE WIND.

REPORTED FIRES SO FAR.

4137

HOW CAN THE FIRE DEPARTMENT KEEP UP WITH IT?

EASY.

THEY CAN'T.

SO PEOPLE WATCH AS IT GETS WORSE.

OR THEY DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT-- FOR GOOD AND BAD.

DOES THIS BRING OUT THE *WORST* OR THE *BEST* IN PEOPLE?

MAYBE IT ONLY BRINGS OUT WHAT THEY ALREADY HAD IN THEM EITHER WAY?

AND WHAT WILL IT BRING OUT IN *ME*?

IT'S BUILDING UP INSIDE ME-- THE *ANGER*-- THE CONFUSION--

--WHAT'S THE CITY OF ANGELS GOING TO MAKE ME DO?

WHAT'S GOING ON?

NO POLICE BACK-UP, WE DON'T GO IN.

THOSE'RE PEOPLE'S *HOUSES* BURNING DOWN!

THERE'S ALSO A *SNIPER* IN ONE OF THOSE HOUSES TRYING TO SHOOT US WHENEVER WE MAKE A MOVE!

I WILL *NOT* PUT MY MEN AT RISK!

HOW DO YOU THINK IT MAKES *US* FEEL WATCHING THIS CITY BURN?!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SNIPER.

YOU FOLLOW ME IN AND DO YOUR JOBS.

AND WHO THE $%#@ ARE YOU-- THE *LONE RANGER*?

I'M THE *GARBAGE-MAN*.

AND THIS CITY IS *TRASH*.

HELP ME CLEAN IT UP.

THAT HOUSE THERE--HE'S IN *THERE*!

HE *KILLED* MY WIFE!!

PPPPAPPPT

STRAFING FIRE?

AUTOMATIC. AK-47 MAYBE?

WONDERFUL.

THAT'S NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME MUCH CHOICE, IS IT?

KRASHT

AAAGH!

PPFFFPT

KAPOW

HE HIT ME! NNNRGHH!

KEVLAR JACKET LINING. KEVLAR. SHIRT. BULLET-PROOF VEST.

AND I STILL THINK I BROKE EVERY RIB IN MY BODY.

CALL THE CORONER'S OFFICE.

ARE YOU OKAY?

I WAIT TWO HOURS IN THE HOSPITAL TO FIND OUT I BROKE THREE RIBS.

NONE OF THEM PUNCTURED A LUNG, SO I'M LUCKY.

FIRES ARE STILL BURNING ALL OVER.

THE LOOTING HAS SLOWED, BUT NOT STOPPED.

MORNING COMES.

THE SUN SHINES ON A *WASTELAND.*

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TODAY?

WORD HAS IT THE *NATIONAL GUARD* IS GOING TO BE CALLED IN--

--BUT IF THEY WERE, WOULDN'T THEY HAVE BEEN DEPLOYED BY NOW?

SAW SO MUCH OF EVERYTHING ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

HOW MUCH *WORSE* DOES IT HAVE TO GET?

GOOD AND BAD. BEAUTIFUL AND UGLY.

WHAT'S THE FACE OF THIS CITY **REALLY** LOOK LIKE?

I KNOW WHAT IT'S DONE TO *ME*.

IT MADE ME *KILL* AGAIN.

IT BROUGHT OUT THE *WORST* IN ME.

AND THE *BEST*, I GUESS.

I GET BUCKY FROM LEGS AND HIT MY APARTMENT.

WHY AM I STILL HERE?

WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IS THIS FOR BUCKY TO BE LIVING IN?

WHY DON'T I JUST TAKE POLISH'S TRUCK AND GET OUT OF HERE?

HMMM. FORGOT TO PUT GAS IN IT.

I COULD GET OUT. WIRE POLISH SOME CASH FOR THE TRUCK.

GET AWAY BEFORE THIS CITY EATS ME ALIVE.

BEFORE *ALASKA* HAPPENS AGAIN.

OR I CAN GET SOME SLEEP AND START ALL OVER AGAIN TONIGHT.

BECAUSE TONIGHT MIGHT BE EVEN WORSE THAN LAST NIGHT.

AM I GOING TO BE A *DARK ANGEL* IN A CITY OF DEVILS ?

OR RUN AWAY AND TRY TO FIND SOMETHING *BETTER* THAN THIS ?

GET SOME SLEEP, JACK.

THERE'S GOING TO BE A *LOT* OF WORK TO DO TONIGHT.

AND TOMORROW NIGHT. AND THE NIGHT AFTER THAT.

WHY ?

BECAUSE SOMEONE *HAS* TO, THAT'S WHY...

END

ONE FOR THE ROAD

GLENN HERDLING: EDITOR — HECTOR COLLAZO: SIDEKICK

C/O MARVEL COMICS — 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH — NEW YORK, NEW YORK — 10016

ATTENTION CORRESPONDENTS: ALL LETTERS TO BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS THOUGH WE WILL WITHHOLD THAT INFO BY REQUEST!

A VIEW FROM THE HERD

"How Comics Have Affected My Life"

A few weeks ago, I was seated alongside my dad at his house in New Jersey when he looked up from his paper and announced, "They're erecting a statue of Garfield in the local park."

"Garfield? Why Garfield?" I asked.

"Why not?" my dad responded. "After all, he was born in New Jersey."

"He was?! Now there's a bit of trivia I never knew," I replied.

My dad peered over his glasses. "What did they teach you in school anyways?"

It wasn't until several hours later that I realized why my dad was so perplexed at my ignorance. How could I have forgotten about James A. Garfield, the twentieth President of the United States?!

Laugh at me all you want, but how many of you first conjured up the image of a fat, orange cat?

Wood shavings!

Glenn

Dear Nomad Team,

You are getting a letter from a thirty-seven-year-old mom who also happens to be a comic book fan. I realize the majority of your fans are young males, but some of the comments on Bucky have fascinated me. As for myself, I wasn't upset or shocked about Bucky being with Nomad during his battles. No, I wouldn't let my children be in the same situation, but we're talking about two individuals who are in an exceptional situation. I personally can see Bucky as being a great help to Jack. Don't forget, she cooed a warning to him in issue #3. And even though what Jack does is dangerous, he is aware of her at every moment, and he does not perceive her as a millstone around his neck while he does his job. A big part of this comic for me and my kids is Bucky. What an education this kid is getting! I can see this kid when she is twenty--she'll be doing some major crime-fighting! It's interesting to see a hero whose "child" has become a great part of his character. It's hard to imagine them apart.

Anyway, that's what I think the writer was trying to get across. Maybe it does upset some readers, but with Bucky being smarter than the average baby, and her father not being your average every-day type of guy, what did you expect? Besides, since I am the mother of two, I can assure you that I have seen some of the things my kids and their father have pulled, and they make Jack and Bucky's adventures look tame in comparison.

Mary Morgan
9744 Gloucester
St. Louis, MO 63137

We think that our mothers would agree with you, Mary, the "stupid stunts" we've managed to survive, do make Nomad and Baby Bucky's exploits look tame. Real tame!

Dear No Namers,

Incredible. Absolutely incredible. I'm already a great fan of Mr. Knee-Cheezy's work, and NOMAD only helps! However you got a hold of Mr. Hawbaker, just don't let go. He is... dare I say it?... incredible!! Normally, I don't like panel layouts that overlap and go all over the page. They're usually hard to follow, and reading them becomes work. But this man has a gift. And Mark McKenna's inks complement him perfectly.

I love the way Fabian is handling Jack's character. He is torn between his need to survive and his need to help others. I especially liked his comments and his general attitude towards "spandex-ers." Does he remember the day when he was one? Try to keep the spandex characters to a minimum. The garish costumes just don't fit the look of this title. Some of the darker ones, like the U.S.Agent's are okay, though.

The gang at Carney's had him pegged. This was a great group of characters. I hope that Jack will come back and visit sometime. Of course, he hasn't left them yet, and then again, what type of nomad would he be if he settled down in one place? Just don't let Jack run away from his problems forever. Someday he's going to have to face the music.

One quick comment about Bucky. I agree with David Shiao: keep the shotgun out of her reach! Sure, it looks cool there, but would it look cool if she accidentally shot Jack's rear-end off? And how does Jack do all those somersaults without crushing Bucky?

I'm looking forward to the inevitable appearance of Captain America. I'm sure that one day soon, Steve will look up his ex-partner and have a good ol' heart-to-heart about his new M.O.

Though I usually abhor crossovers, I am anticipating "Dead Man's Hand" most anxiously. The combination of the three vigilantes with their different styles and personalities promises to be one of the best ever. Guess that's it for now. Take it easy.

Michael J. Church
(Address withheld by request)

Dear Gadabouts,

Aside from criticizing or enthusing over cover art, comic books had long ago fallen by the wayside for me. This was about the time that Steve Rogers tried a career illustrating his own adventures, and the Hulk's biggest crisis was when the Recordasphere fell in love with him. A few months ago, while looking over my husband's shoulder whilst he was sorting through his monthly order of comics, a book caught my attention. Here was a first issue (ACK! Another new collection to clutter the den!!) with something, or should I say, someone worth looking at!!!

"Whoa, wait a minute," I said, "Who's that?!?"

"Oh, that's Nomad," he shrugged.

"Give it here."

My eyes scanned the pages of the book. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. My husband gave me the lowdown on this better-than-life character. Super soldier serums and suspended animation, eh? Standard super hero accouterments. Well, I always liked the Captain America/Bernie Rosenthal relationship (when there was one), and Jack Monroe came into his own during that stint, so...

Well, thankfully you dropped the blue tights and yellow cape. Very clever, a super hero with a child. Now that's very nineties! And no impervious Danskin costume either. Leather and sunglasses. Mmmmm. The biceps aren't Schwarzenegger's, but then again, whose are? Nice. A shotgun is a bit more crude, than say, a dropkick or an uppercut; but as Oscar Wilde said, "Nothing succeeds like excess."

"What d'ya think?" my husband asked.

"Looks like Jon Bon Jovi on steroids," I replied, then handed the issue back to him for bag and backing board.

Little does he suspect that fingers besides his have held each appearance before and each issue since, and my eyes are enjoying much more than the crime-fighting and accompanying pyrotechnics. So, isn't it about time Jack started thinking about day care, or even a nanny for Bucky? And, if so, where do I sign up?

Lynn Smith
(Address withheld by request)

Don't you think your husband is going to suspect something after he reads your letter in this letters page, Lynn? Unless, of course, "Smith" really isn't your last name!